

The Duty of Mothers.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination, but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., and secure from a woman the most efficient advice without charge.



Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swelled, and was generally miserable. She received an answer promptly with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

Not to Be Denied.

Mr. Rush—Say, I want you to marry me!

Miss Pechis (gasping)—Well, I've had some nifty proposals, but you take the palm.

"Good! Now let me hold that palm a minute while I slip this ring on the proper finger."

Hattie's School.

At Merle Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories, and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front ranks of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Holt, Ph. D., Principal.

Suffering Language.

"It is dreadful how the people misuse the words 'awfully' and 'dreadfully'."

"Yes; isn't it awful?"

A Warning.

"You had better not go boating with sister," said Tommy to his sister's beau.

"Why not, Tommy?"

"'Cause I heard her say she intended to throw you overboard soon."

WET WORK IS YOURS?

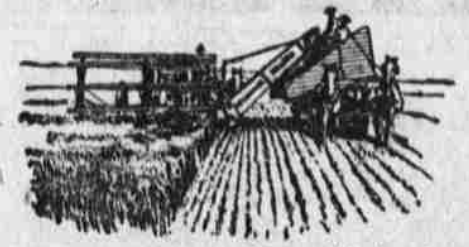


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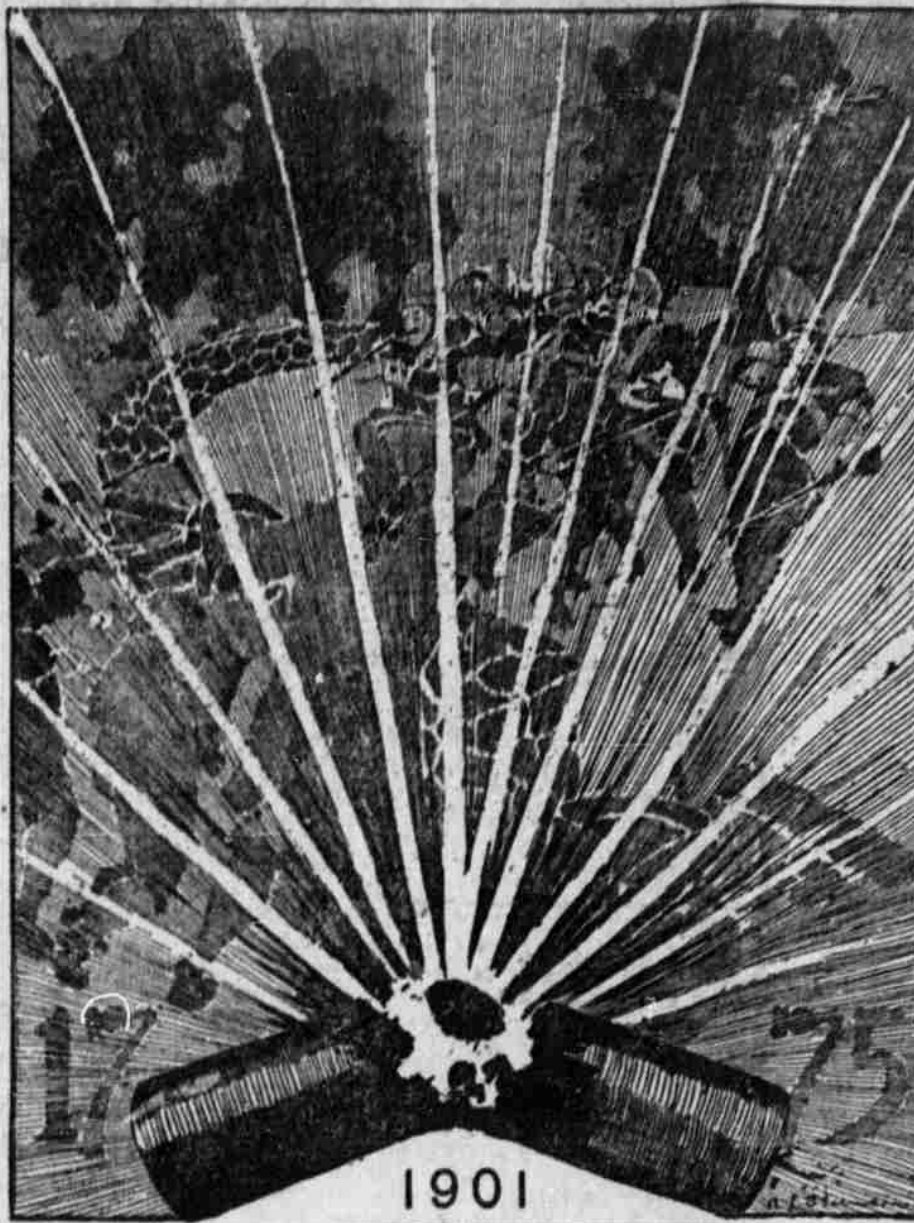
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X-RAYS APPLIED TO THE FIRECRACKER.



POWDERLESS FOURTH

The boys had planned such a particularly jolly Fourth that when Mrs. Reynolds became so ill on the very morning of the 3d and the doctor sternly announced it a firecracker exploded within a mile of the house the boy shot it off would be guilty of murder there was wrathful indignation in the breasts of the junior patriots.

"Say, fellows, what do you think of it anyway?" demanded Ned Thursday in a tone of fierce display.

"Think of it!" exclaimed Sam Prudence, shaking his fist at the cloud of dust which enveloped the doctor's antiquated rig. "I think it's a mean shame."

"What are we going to do with our firecrackers, I'd like to know," Will Brown asked angrily, "and the skyrockets and Roman candles and the cannon?"

"Plague take it, anyway," growled Jack Loring, hitting the tree against which he was leaning a blow with his clinched hand. "We might just as well have stayed in the city."

"I tell you what, fellows," interrupted Ned. "I wouldn't mind so much spoiling the Fourth if it was only Mrs. Sawyer, or any of our mothers, or Miss Hattie or Miss Isabel, but every kid knows what Mrs. Reynolds is. I don't believe she's sick at all."

"Nor I," added Jack impressively. "She's just done it to keep us from having a good time. Don't you remember last summer how she spoiled the yacht race by tumbling into the river and splashing the sails?"

"I wish your Uncle George was here now. He'd tell us what to do, for I don't think that other George, the father of his country, cares the least bit that his little boys can't have rockets and firecrackers," and Will lay down upon the grass and pounded the soft turf with his vigorous heels.

"Of course he doesn't," agreed Sam mournfully, "or he wouldn't have let it happen. I think he's a mighty mean father, that's what I think."

"Oh, perhaps it's because he's been a man for such years and years that he's forgotten all about chopping the cherry tree and being a little boy himself," explained Ned magnanimously.

"I say, fellows," Jack began excitedly. "I bet you George Washington will help us yet. Isn't he the father of his country and wouldn't my father or Ned's father or any of our fathers hate to have us lose a good time? I tell you, George Washington cares as much about it as they do, and I'm going to write to him and tell him that we can't shoot off any firecrackers or cannons or rockets or torpedoes or do anything at all to give him a rousing send-off, just because an old woman says she's dying."

"I don't believe George Washington cares anything about us," Sam interposed gruffly.

"I don't believe he does, either," supplemented Will.

"Well," said Jack, "I intend to write him a regular letter and tell him just how it is. I thought I'd say that we came all the way from Chicago to shoot off a cannon for him on the Fourth of July, and didn't he feel sorry we couldn't do it, because Mrs. Reynolds went and got sick at the last moment and the doctor said we'd be hanged if we did. And then I'd say 'Good-by, from your sorrowful little boys, Jack and Ned and Sam and Will.'"

"Even if we did write to him, how could we send it, I'd like to know?" asked Sam.

The question was a bombshell. It staggered Jack.

"I don't know," he answered blankly. "I never thought about it, but, say! I have it. We'll tack the letter on the cherry tree in the back yard, and when he comes around at night to cut it down with his little hatchet he'll find it and read it and—"

"How do you know he'll come around to cut it down?" interrupted Will.

"How do I know it? Because every

Fourth of July he's a little boy again, you nippy, and, of course, he'll want to use his little hatchet. Hurrah for George Washington!" and the enthusiastic spokesman tumbled off the fence in his efforts to wake the country echoes.

Four pairs of sturdy legs dashed along the road with lightning speed and nothing remained of the morning's conclusion but a battered rail and a cloud of dust. The blotted paper tacked so conspicuously to the bark of the cherry tree was pathetically comic to the belated traveler who discovered it while enjoying the solitude of the garden.

"Poor little chaps," he laughed, "their mothers needn't have feared for their eyes and their fingers, after all. Confound Mrs. Reynolds, it's just as they say. 'She's never sick on Sunday, when little boys don't mind not shooting off cannons.'"

"I guess George will have to come to the rescue after all if he isn't the father of his country. But what the dickens can we do that won't make a noise? I guess I'd better consult Miss Hattie," and the belated traveler left the blotted paper on the table, where he had carried it to examine its contents by aid of the solitary lamp burning in the farm house.

The small head peeping out of the farm-house window at an early hour the following morning raised a shout that awakened instantly the three remaining occupants of the tiny dormitory.

"Hurrah for George Washington! What did I tell you fellows? There's the answer, by jingo!" and Jack pounded the floor rapturously with his bare feet.

There was a rush from three small beds and a scamper to the window. A square white patch conspicuously sealed with scarlet wax adorned the cherry tree in place of the larger sheet the boys had left fluttering in the moonlight.

"Let's hurry up, kids, and see who'll get dressed the first," and Ned's order was instantly obeyed. Ten minutes later four heads bent eagerly over the old-fashioned writing.

"My Dear Boys: I was just going to chop away at your cherry tree and, in fact, had given it a single whack, which hadn't amounted to much, as the blade is rather rusty, when I discovered your letter tacked to the bark, and I said to myself: 'George, you must not touch this cherry tree with your little hatchet, for, behold, it has turned over a new leaf. So I laid aside my rusty steel and untacked the tack which bound it to the bark and, behold, your misery lay unfolded.'"

"I've had my own siege with women, boys, for the 'father of his country' embraces all classes, but I've learned my lesson that the widow must ever go her own way. So we'll allow the doctor to manage Mrs. Reynolds and you and I will have our Fourth of July in the woods along the edge of the river."

"Leave the cannon behind and the firecrackers and rockets, for we'll celebrate in spite of them, as you'll see how if you arrive at the minute of 11 by the sun."

"To Ned, Sam, Will and Jack, 'From the Father of His Country, 'G. Washington.'"

"Do you think he really means it?" asked Jack, breathlessly.

"Course he does," replied Ned, indignantly, gasping with nervous astonishment. "Didn't you know the father of his country couldn't tell a lie?"

Four frightened lads sitting on a fallen tree at the edge of the river jumped hurriedly to their feet and bowed nervously to the stately personage descending the bank dressed in the buff and blue uniform, with his white hair tied in a queue.

"Good morning, boys," said a strangely familiar voice, "you're true to the minute, I see. I'm afraid I'm a little late myself, however. I was delayed a trifle, hoping to induce Martha to come with me," and the father of his country peered through the trees as if to see if she had changed her mind.

"Martha is my wife, you know," the figure continued smilingly. "Martha Washington, the mother of her country. She knows you all very well."

The four lads looked at each other in

amazement. Ned cleared his throat very hard and gazed at his boots, but, at a nudge from Jack whispered weakly: "Does she know our names, father of your country?"

"Oh, yes, and so do I. You're Ned and the tall boy is Jack, and Sam is the smallest, though he's not very small, and Will is the other one who was going to shoot off the cannon in my honor. Too bad about that, wasn't it? But come up under the trees where it is shady until we get acquainted with each other."

Washington threw himself down on the grass and leaned his white head against a huge trunk.

"Let me see," consulting his watch, "it is just five minutes of 12, so we'd better start the balloon."

"Oh, are we really going to have a balloon?" asked Ned excitedly.

"Well, you see," answered Washington, "I thought that cannon had to be replaced somehow, and as we couldn't make any noise I wanted something in my honor and so I decided on a balloon. They both end in smoke anyway. There it is," he added, dragging the huge paper structure from behind a tree. "Isn't it a beauty? Now each boy take one side of it while I get it lighted."

There was no more formality in the little company. The lads laughed aloud in glee and when the fuse caught fire and the tissue globe slowly sailed away over the river each small voice added its share to the refrain started by the general. "Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

"There!" exclaimed Father George with satisfaction. "Now I feel duly honored and at the same time hunger for more. Somewhere in these woods, boys, Martha has spread a lunch for us, and a hatchet to the first fellow who finds it." There was a general scamper through the trees, quickly followed by a triumphant shout from Ned and Sam, who had approached the dainty feast from opposite sides. A snowy tablecloth was spread upon the ground and held in place by glistening pebbles, while on it was laid every picnic delicacy that could delight the heart of the small boy.

"Hurrah!" shouted Ned; "we've found it."

"True for you," answered the general, appearing through the opening. "But Martha herself has left us, I see. The dear girl is rather nervous on the Fourth. Eat what you like, fellows. Every man is his own master."

They needed no more urgent invitation and soon made sad havoc in the pretty table arrangements. George Washington was no longer a formidable myth, but a flesh and blood personage, as real as they. When luncheon was finally demolished they lay down under the trees and listened to thrilling tales of mad wolves and encounters with the Indians and the sufferings of the ragged continentals in winter quarters at Valley Forge.

Toward the close of the afternoon George caught a horse that was wandering at will through the woods and, jumping on his back, dashed impetuously down the rustic steps leading to an abandoned cave, to exhibit practically the escape of Mad Anthony Wayne.

"That's how he did it, boys," exclaimed the general, slowly mounting again. "He just brandished his sword aloft and none of the British dared follow. I must leave you now," he added, "for I promised Martha to return at 6. Have you had a good Fourth?"

"The best I've ever spent," shouted Ned emphatically.

"Me, too," chimed in Will, Sam and Jack.

"What, without fireworks?" queried the general, incredulously.

"I've learned more patriotism," answered Ned, "than I've ever learned with a whole box of firecrackers."

"Good!" exclaimed the general, "that's the right sort of a Fourth of July. Wait a minute and I'll row you to the edge of the farm. I have a boat down the stream and we'll call our trip 'Washington crossing the Delaware.'"

He hurried away and soon returned with a light skiff, which he propelled cleverly toward the bank.

"Jump in, boys, and away we go. Now sing for all you're worth. Mrs. Reynolds can't mind music."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave,

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Good-by, boys," he added, giving his hand to each in turn at the farm landing. "Watch for me next Fourth of July around the cherry tree." And the brave general rowed away in the sunlight to the echoes of

"Three cheers for George Washington, the father of his country—first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his little boys."

"Why, Uncle George," exclaimed Ned in astonishment as the four lads entered the supper room an hour later, "I thought you weren't coming till next week."

"Is that why you spent the Fourth away from the house, you rascal? What have you been doing, I'd like to know?"

Ned looked at Jack and Jack looked at his feet. Then he turned to Sam and Sam asked loudly for butter, while Will was closely occupied in studying old china. Seeing no help at hand Ned coughed bashfully and muttered quickly: "We've been in the woods."

"Had any fireworks?" continued Uncle George mercifully.

"No," was the laconic reply.

"Mueh fun?" supplemented Uncle George.

"Not much."

A short silence was broken by Miss Hattie's desultory remark: "The hero's way is as hard as the transgressor's."

At the time of use.

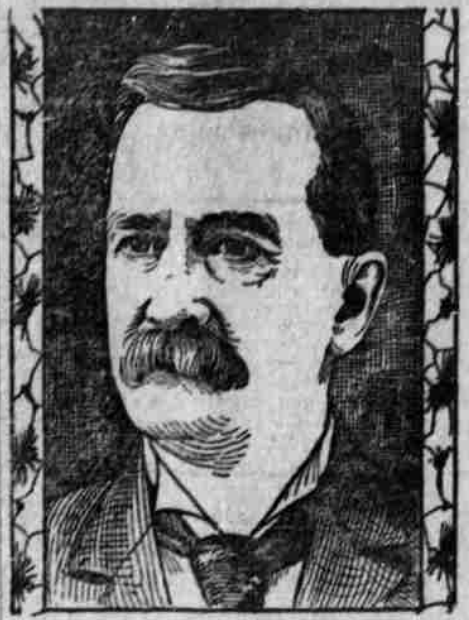
The Fat Woman—That's the last time I'll ever argue with the india-rubber man.

The Living Skeleton—Because why?

The Fat Woman—His arguments are so long-drawn out.

A CONGRESSMAN

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A Conscientious Jury.

Judge—H'm. Your verdict seems to be decidedly mixed.

Foreman of Jury—Yes, your honor. It's in accordance with the evidence.

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In the Presence of Greatness.

Parke—I suppose you have great hopes of that new baby of yours, haven't you?

Lane—Well, yes, I have, old man. When I think of what the baby is likely to be I fairly tremble at my own insignificance.

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Not a French Scholar.

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"That's 'fillet.'"

"Fillie! Do they think I want horse meat?"

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For Cause.

Yeast—Do the robins come to pick the bread crumbs from your lawn?

Crimsonback—They used to, but they don't any more.

"How do you account for that?"

"My wife makes her own bread."

The Critic's Way.

Indignant Artist—You say it's a bad picture? And pray, what do you know about pictures? You never painted any.

Critic—My dear fellow, I know a bad egg, though I never laid any.

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